

Halo: Insurgency

by spark n' Jetz

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Summary: After the UNSC rebuilds the galaxy, the Spartans become private assets, trophies, and enforcers, rather than true soldiers. Bitter with these turn of events, an army of Spartans escape the UNSC's grasp, creating a revolt. Now, with the goal in every Spartans mind to stop the corrupt UNSC they once stood by, what are the plans to fix this mess? Co-written by Admiral Rake Donsom.

## 1. Prologue one

**\*\*Heya everyone! This is Spark n' Jetz here with another Halo fic, one done by both me and Admiral Rake Donsom. This is gonna be epic! \*\***

**\*\*Admiral Rake Donsom-YEAH! And don't worry guys, I improved! ...I think.\*\***

**\*\*Spark n' Jetz-Anyway, this takes a different turn to the normal Halo fic. After the rebuilding because of the Great War, the Spartans become 'personal assets', enforcers, and almost UNSC mistreats them, ONI experiments on them, and politicians and leaders use them as decorations, medals, and body guards.\*\***

**\*\*Bitter with this turn of events, an army of Spartans tears out of the UNSC's grasp, creating an Insurgency and a revolt. Hundreds of other Spartans become free from the ONI spooks and leaders and join the cause of the Insurgency. Now, with the goal in every Spartans mind to stop the corrupt overpowered UNSC they once stood by, what are the plans to fix this galaxy? \*\***

-Fireteam Sierra-

Spartan A119 (Able company, number 109)-Sawyer McGrand (HEAVY, LEADER)

Spartan A84-Jay Marks (PILOT, MEDIC)

Spartan A23-Alicia Vale (SNIPER, INTRUSION CAPABILITIES)

Spartan A67-Eren Valdez (COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER, HACKER, ENGINEER)

**\*\*Prologue: Fireteam Sierra\*\***

**\*\*April 22nd, 2564 (UNSC CALENDAR)\*\***

**\*\*LOCATION: UNSC FOB (FORWARD OPERATING BASE) ARES MARS\*\***

**\*\*A119 SR26-\*\***

Okay, so it was a bit dangerous. But we were Spartans. We went with it. Of course, that meant shooting a bunch of people, blowing stuff up, screaming after diving off a flaming pelican, running after and hijacking a Warthog, but once again, we went with it. But then again, no one mentioned that getting some god damn crystalline Forerunner Artifact had anything to do with an army of turrets and heavy vehicles. Plus, Mars just had to have a dust storm at the same time. But it this was expected. We were Spartan IVs.

"Holy shit!" Jay, the self-proclaimed best pilot in the galaxy and the one who is driving our vehicle, yells as the gauss gun in our path fires again, missing our front tires by a mere inch. It blew the martian dirt and dust into the grimy air, limiting our vision for a split second. Even if Mars have been terraformed and de-glassed a long time ago, the microscopic remains of rock still lingered on the planet surface. It looked like a red dessert with grass growing on it.

"Sawyer, blast that thing!" Eren yells from the shotgun seat, but she gets no response, as Jay tries to maneuver out of the guns range. Just our luck that we had to be chased by multiple vehicles, run away from an army and go around a crap lot of defense turrets, Answering my female teammate's call, I remove one of the strongest weapon ever built for infantry from my back.

"Lighting it up!" I yell, and turn my M8 Grendell/Relarian Linear Machine Cannon, at it. Essentially, a huge ass laser beam launcher thing, descendant of the M6 Grendell/Galilean Non-Linear Rifle. Don't ask me how it works. I wait for a few moments, letting it charge up, and then fire seven bright beams of focused electrons straight into the turret. Let's just say all that's left is a pile of burning smoldering wreckage. Hell. Friggin. Yes. I smile, knowing thats one more asset that they're gonna end up paying for. Ok, only the vehicles behind us left. I turn backwards and aim. Three more enemy Badgers up in flames. Yeah, babe!

"Where the hell is the Condor?" Alicia yells. Being located with me in the back of the warthog, she takes a shot and somehow killing two enemy drivers at once, while seriously injuring a third. I never understood how she did that, but damn she was good. Not the best at targeting, but the best at multi-killing with one bullet.

The 'Condor' she was talking about was the AFIV (advanced flight insertion vehicle). It's a small speedy drop ship vehicle that can quickly insert its payload into action, with the bay only being able to hold a fireteam at the most.

"It had trouble with the AA guns, but the pilot managed to get past them. It'll be at the LZ in 2 minutes!" Eren yells back as her comm gear did what it was suppose to be doing, answering Alicia's question. Most of us think that her giant antennae and huge radar dish was kind of idiotic to bring, but when it comes to communication, she can almost do ANYTHING. At least it highlighted her armored figure...

"What's the ETA, Jay?" I ask.

"At least five minutes. Those damn Badgers!"

Badgers are quick rugged tough little buggers, carrying two passengers and an M6 turret, packing a punch. Smaller than a Warthog, these things are just on evolution of the widely used jeep of the Great war.

Another six of them are on our tail, replacing the ones Alicia and I destroyed, all closing in fast. One fires, causing our vehicle to lurch. The other one turns slightly to the right, and starts firing at our sides. One shot disrupts the Earth below us and nearly causes the transport to shake. "Damnit!" Alicia yells, and brings out her Dragunov DMR.

"I don't think this is a good time for sniping!" I say. She shrugs, looks through the scope, and fires off a shot. Instantly, the one shooting at our tire flips forward, and I see the reason why. She shot the front tire, and with so much momentum it just flipped. Of course, been the awesome sniper she is, she is also able to somehow shoot the fuel tank of another Badger \_with the same bullet\_, blowing up two others. Only three left. Or, one now, after I destroyed the other vehicle with my laser, causing it to flip and slam into the one behind it.

The last starts to trail farther behind, but it's not a problem for the gunner. Another shot is fired and it hits the bumper, and we're jolted forwards. Finally, the vehicle just stops, and we're forced to flee half a mile from the LZ. We leap out and dive for cover. Unfortunately, we're in the middle of a canyon. We hide behind the jeep, and I lob an unsuccessful grenade at the Badger. It simply moves a bit to it's left, and keeps firing, the grenade blowing up harmlessly. The vehicle that was once our cover bursts into flames and we scatter. The gunner turns its attention to Eren, but she's too fast, resulting in two scorched blast marks on the ground. Then again, that hardlight shield that she had blocked a few gauss rounds too.

The laser is charged, and I carefully aim at the Badger. But just as I was going to release the trigger, I hear Jay whooping. "Help has arrived!" In seconds, the Badger becomes a mess of melted parts, smashed together in a fiery shell of what once used to be a fearsome land vehicle.

The Condor swings down, and opens its bay doors. We jump in, and finally get to relax. But we aren't out of the woods yet. I hear the hum of engines, and link my suit cameras to the Condor, and switch to external view. Two Osprey type fighters, (nasty things) pursue us.

Those damn UNSC never give up. They might have created me, but they

also kidnapped me and used us. I hear twin machine guns start to fire, and I can hear each shell thud into the armor of the Condor. Luckily, most of the shots miss. Which leads to its second barrage. But of course, Spartans never die.

"Hold on tight!" was the last thing I heard before the Condor gets blown to pieces.

\*\*Spark n' Jetz-And cut! I know it was a terrible ending, but I had to get this out. Maybe we'll edit this later. Read and review please! And for all the critics out there: We need you guys to tell us what to do better! \*\*

\*\*Commander Rake Donsom: Same thing, please!\*\*

## 2. Prologue two

\*\*Admiral Rake Donsom-This is Admiral Rake Donsom and Spark n Jetz with a new chapter! This time, it's me that's writing it and Sparky that's editing! And this is just another prologue, but with another point of view. Don't worry, it'll make sense after all the chapters are done.\*\*

\*\*Spark-Yeah buddy! This is gonna be epic. Anyway, this prologue is a bit short (it's a prologue, for god sakes) but we'll try to make the chapters 1,500-2000 words, or at least I will try to too.  
\*\*

\*\*Prologue: Information\*\*

\_This could be the biggest scoop of his life! \_Thought James Richter as he ran down another almost deserted concrete street, located in the mostly industrialized city of Grascenville on Mars, his brown cloak blowing behind him. Following behind was his cameraman, Cherry Darolds (more like camerawoman) who was dressed in casual clothing and had all the filming equipment strapped to her back. They were heading towards a cafe where they were going to meet an insider; a person who had info about the state of the UNSC. Right now, it was covered with an aura of mysteriousness.

They were rushing because they were extremely lucky to have found someone like that. Of course, they would now have to watch out for ONI and those spooks. They don't like what you're saying? Silenced. But that doesn't mean news reporters couldn't go undercover and publish their findings on public sites.

It has been a few months since many UNSC high officers have stopped communicating to the outside. Demands by the civilian government have been answered by threats. Many outposts have stopped responding, and civilians fear another Covenant-like enemy. But, there is rumours that this time, the threat is not from the outside.

Finally, they both arrived after crossing what felt like a thousandth road. The cafe was located in a quite modest building, blending into the background as if it wasn't there. It's gray blocky architecture fitted with the rest of the neighborhood. They entered the building through the automatically sliding doors.

"It's a quiet."

That is quite surprising, but unsurprising at the same time. It was night anyways and an almost abandoned place. Though, it had this luxurious feel about it with the quality of the material and that certain shade of purple. The cameraman and reporter look around and spy a huge man sitting behind a small four person table. Seeing that that's their informer, they walk over and sit down.

"You are the reporters I contacted?" The man said in a light but still harsh voice. He wore only a t-shirt, a pair of shorts and combat boots.

The journalists nodded their affirmative and introduced themselves. In response, the man sitting across from them simply held up his cup of coffee and sipped it slowly, making a small sound.

"So what do you want to know?"

James leaned in and his camera man brought up his camera, a very small and easily portable rectangle about the size of an iphone. Then again, it was attached to a mountain of technology on Cherry's back so it balanced it out.

"Is it alright if we film this? We need proof, but don't worry, we'll remove cover your face and mod your voice." They received another gruff nod.

"Ok, to start off, what has the UNSC been doing these few months?"

"Killing Spartans." Came the response, blunt as hell.

The reporter looked shocked.

"Why? The Spartans were the greatest weapon the UNSC has ever created other than the MAC cannons. What's the point of eliminating their own ace?" They voiced in surprise.

The unknown person laughed as if he didn't mean it. Afterwards, he didn't respond to their question, but instead asked another one.

"What would you do with a weapon you couldn't control?"

He was met with silence for a few moment, before James spoke up. "The Spartans have gone rogue?"

The man replied bitterly. "'Rogue'? That depends. Does fighting for freedom count as going rogue?" He muttered the following. "Sometimes, normal people forget that under the seven tons of power armor is just another human."

James' informant then clarified. "The Spartans are literally like dirt by the UNSC brass now. Horrendous acts that no normal citizen should ever even see are literally happening to these genetically modified soldiers without care. They have turned from these super soldiers to super \_slaves\_. You see a politician that said one word they didn't like? Bam," He snapped his fingers, "Him and all his relatives, family and everyone who actually knew them areâ€¦ disposed of." The man continued on without clarification, but everyone knew what he meant.

"But, because of the loyalty of these 'slaves', none of them have done anything. Until he came back."

Millions of questions swarmed the reporter's head. That would explain all the 'gas leaks' in the past week. If what the man before him said was true, then there would literally be a rebellion all across the universe. But, like all good reporters, he has to get all the little juicy details, even if they're a bit dark. "'He?"

The grin split his informant's face apart. "Yes. The one that secured our future."

The millions of questions in James' instantly vaporized. He knew exactly what the buff man was talking about, but it just seemed to unreal. The reporter had to make it was correct.

"How do I know what you revealed is the truth?"

"You are a freelance reporter, right?" A nod. "I know a place with all the files and information you need. Vanguard Military Base." The reporter gasped.

"Looks like you have a small information gathering mission ahead of you." The informant's smile turned almost evil. "Don't worry, I'll help you." Deep, ominous laughter rang throughout the cafe.

\*\*Admiral Rake Donsom: What do you think guys? Mysterious enough?  
\*\*

\*\*PS: I'm not Rake Donsom; Everyone else: What? Me: BWAHAHA, DID YOU THINK I'LL GIVE YOU MY REAL NAME?!\*\*

\*\*Spark: Bow chicka wow wow!\*\*

### 3. ARC I-Skydiving

\*\*Sparky: And I'm back again with another chapter! Sorry if the intro was blarby. It'll be explained more.\*\*

\*\*A23 SR24-\*\*

Have you ever skydived? Maybe. Have you ever done it without equipment? No. Have you done it when your transport gets blown into shards of metal by enemy fighters? Most definitely not. Which is why we're Spartans. But even we can't do everything.

The ground closes in fast. But strangely, I feel a momentary sense of peace before I look at the topic at hand. Luckily, Spartans ll have an installed armor capability Bracer thing, which can momentarily change gravity, soften your fall, and increase the shield by 150% for 5 seconds. Not advised in actual combat because of the gravity effect on yourself, not to mention you drain your suits energy capacitors a LOT faster, but ideal for these situations.

I turn it on, and manage to land semi-safely after doing a rough and tumble on the hard rocky Martian terrain. I spot another squad member, Jay, the 'hothead' running for the nearest cover. I scan the area, and decide to meet up with him. I start to sprint extremely

fast, reaching a speed of 15 mph, kicking up dust Probably not the best idea, but those Ospreys would drop down and shoot us anyway.

Back to the current situation, I skid to a stop and duck behind the shady overhang of a cave like thing. "Well we're f\*\*\*\*\*. We don't have a secondary pick up."

"What happened to the best pilot in the galaxy? Not so powerful without your vehicle, hotshot," I tease. I sense him rolling his eyes behind his visor, ignoring our deadly situation for a few milliseconds, then turn his attention back to the two Ospreys emerging from the clouds of dust that act like clouds on Mars.

"The cockpit window is too thick and strong for my bullet to pierce. Any ideas?" I ask Jay. He shrugs.

"If we had Sawyerâ€¦" Jay trails off, and on cue a red laser beam ignites west from our location, narrowly missing one.

"Well, he just revealed his location."

"Yup. He's doomed."

We both run out of cover before Sawyer gets bombarded, and I start firing my rifle, bullets pinging off the aircraft, in a desperate attempt to distract it.

"We're freaking idiots," Jay says over the comms.

"Did you just notice that?"

The Osprey swings around to face us, and starts letting it's two mini guns attached to it's muzzle spray bullets in our general direction. I camouflage and melt into the background.

"Ah really!" Jay yells and turns on his bubble shield, temporarily blocking the enemy attack. I scamper off, trying to locate Sawyer. It doesn't take long, as another red beam shoots into the sky, and actually manages to hit the wing of the Osprey, bringing it spiraling down.

"Sawyer!" I yell. He waves at me and starts to run towards me.

"Laser's out. Damn. Where's Jay and Eren?"

I point to Jay, futilely holding off the barrage. "You left him?"

I shrug. And the aircraft stops firing and swings backwards, and then forwards again. "What the hell's happening?" I ask.

"I hacked the system. I know, I know, you're welcome," a voice says over our microphone.

It's Jared, our AI. "The hell were you?" I ask.

"Maintenance, remember? I can't believe you started the mission without me."

We watch as the Osprey violently swings to it's right, and then it's left. "I can control it, but I can't lock the pilot out. Our controls are conflicting, and unless we don't get full control we're gonna be stuck here for an awful long timeâ€¦|...That's considering if you don't get captured by the UNSC."

"We won't." With that, Sawyer starts to run, and yells "Jared, bring the ship down and open the ramp!"

Jared complies, but it immediately starts to close again. But just in time, Sawyer leaps through the gap and I hear crashing from inside. It starts to lower again, and I see Sawyer triumphantly piloting the ship.

"Where's Eren?"

I spot the wreckage of the Condor, and I get a sickening feeling in my stomach. In seconds, Jay boards the ship and I steer it over to the wrecked drop ship. I get out and rush over. I scan the area. A life signal. I see in relief. I start to lift metal off the body, and I finally spot a metallic glint of MJOLNIR armor. I finally pull her out, and the armor is dented and blackened.

Jay leaps out, and deploys a mini bubble shield, which also acts as a miniature healer. Of course, it was unorthodox but it would work.

"F\*\*\*ing hell, she'll live but we got to get her to a serious hospital first. We have to go!" Jay yells, and we drag her to the ship. As soon as I enter, the ramp closes, and the Osprey speeds off quickly.

Thank god. Please. No more. I've had enough today. Thankfully, god grants my promise today, and I sigh as we enter space, using the Osprey's highly capable engines to slipspace out. I feel the familiar rushed sensation, and I finally relax. We were spartans. But even we needed a coffee break.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>-A67 SR21-<strong>

Shit. That's all that could go through my mind, as my body starts to throb in a rhythm. What in the world happened? As usual, I wake up to bright lights. I'm in an infirmary, an all too familiar place. As my eyes adjust, I process more, and see a doctor rush in.

"Thank god! You're awake. It's been days," he says, rushed.

"Days?" I croak.

"Nine days, to be exact."

"Ughâ€¦|." Was my team okay? What happened? So many thoughts rush through my mind. As if he can read it, he tells me what happened and fills me in.

"So yes, your AI hacked a ship and you guys managed to escape. You're lucky to be alive. You must have activated your overshield bracer and managed to survive the crash, even if you didn't jump out in



time.

"I wouldn't consider myself to be lucky. \*Hacks violently\* Spartans have skill. Not luck."

The doctor rolls his eyes. "Sure. Get some rest. You should be combat ready by next week. You spartans recover fast."

With that, he leaves the room, letting me once again relax on my pillow, as my consciousness fades into the bright fluorescent light.

End  
file.